

# BE AT HANGOVER HALL FEB. 4

## THE GATEWAY

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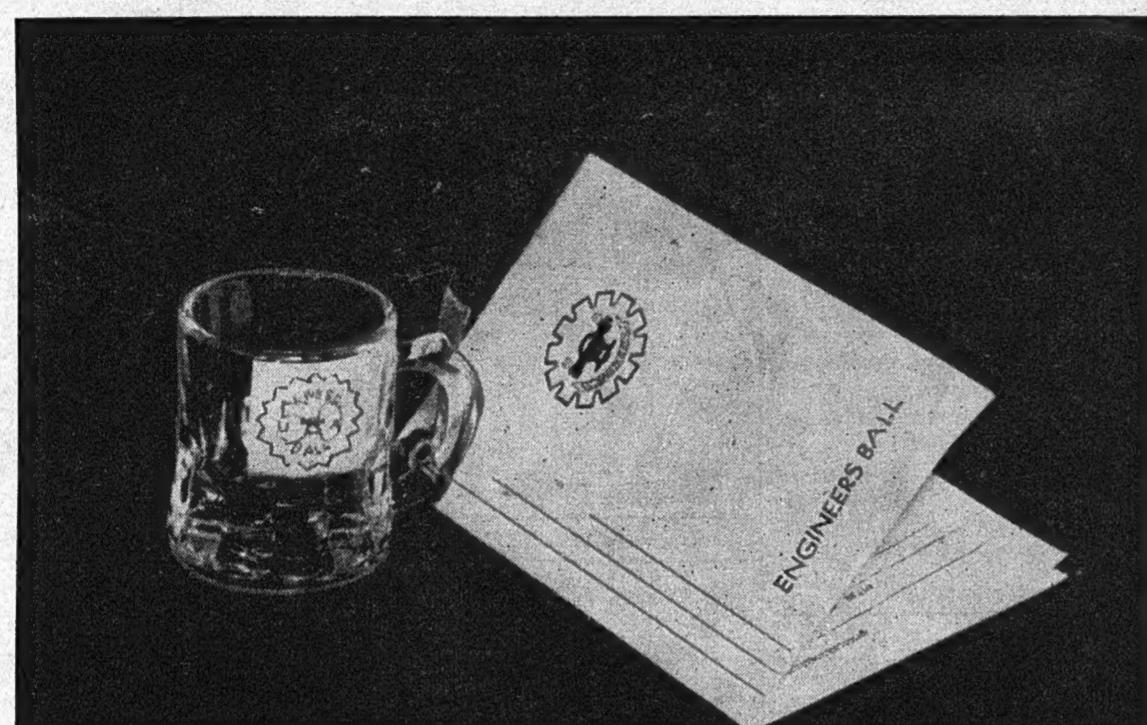
### Letter From The President

Much has been said during the past years about Apathy on the campus. At the beginning of the present term, Apathy disappeared only to be replaced by a horse from the same stable—Lethargy. Lethargy, however, lived a short life, and Apathy again got its name into print.

How Apathy can exist (if it does) on the campus is beyond me. If the activities of the Mixed Chorus or those of our Residence Raiding Parties are any criterion, then Apathy does not exist.

Somewhere in between the two above mentioned extremes of Student Activity we find the activities of the Engineering Students' Society. This organization carries on its activities throughout the term quite unaware of any lack of spirit on the campus, because there is no evidence of such among its members.

The functions of the Engineering Students' Society culminate in the



BABY BEER-STEIN will be given away to all persons attending the Engineers' Ball. This Stein was originally designed for Arts

men, so they could quaff their beer round for round with the Engineers, and still maintain a true course homeward.

Photo by Moshansky



AL NOREM  
... ESS President

Engineers' Ball, which falls this year on February 4, and which I predict will be bigger and better than ever before due to the untiring (and unapathetic) work of many committees which have been entrusted with its success.

The various classes are to be congratulated on the candidates they have nominated for Engineers' Queen. We sincerely thank the six lovely co-eds for the part they are playing in this special feature of the Ball. May the most Queenly among you achieve this distinction.

See you at the Ball!

AL NOREM,  
President, E.S.S.

### Senior Prom Date Conflicts With Med Ball At Macdonald

Wot, no Meds?

That's right. There won't be many Meds at the Senior Formal. It appears that the Sawbones' Club is holding some form of shindig the same night, strictly a minor affair we are told—not even worth scheduling.

Contrary to all rumors, the Senior Formal is not to be limited to Engineers only. Everyone else is invited, starting with bona-fide Seniors of course.

February 28 is the date set for the Senior Prom, which has been tentatively named "Memories of U."

It will be held at the Trocadero in the heart of town Edmonton, and about three hundred couples are expected to attend. At \$2.50 a couple the Students' Council can't object.

Arrangements for the dance are being carried out by an all Engineer executive but one. Even she has sympathies with the Engineers, it is rumored. Audrey Coppock first became acquainted with Engineers early on the morning of the Mardi Gras and then ran as their candidate for vice-president in the only Senior election held.

Dancing will be from nine till twelve, with the proviso that if enough people attend it will be continued until twelve-thirty. Corsages will be worn, and everything points toward the Senior being the dance of the year (next to the Engineers' Ball, that is).

Therefore, all you Seniors take note: it is time to start thinking. First find a girl who will go out with a Senior; second, buy a permit (not for the girl, they're out of season); third, find the few odd cents required; and fourth, come to "Memories of U" on the 28th of February.

### Engineer Sings With Symphony

Bill Kelly, third year civil engineer at the university, is one of the best-known singers on the campus.

Bill will be the guest soloist with the University Symphony Orchestra when they present their concert in Convocation Hall the middle of February.

For the past two years Bill has sung for the University Musical Club on their Sunday evening concerts. He last performed for this group at their January concert.

A member of the Mixed Chorus, Bill is one of the soloists with this group. In the Mixed Chorus concerts which are being presented in Con Hall Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Bill sings the solo in the composition, "The Turtle Dove".

Bill first became popular with university audiences for his renditions of sea shanties, and he also sings one of these in the Mixed Chorus concert.

But Bill has not confined his musical activities to University functions. He is a member of the Edmonton Civic Opera Society, and sang in that company's performance of "Carmen" given this fall.

Bill Kelly is proof that engineers have culture.

### MEET MARILYN

In the meantime I went about the enjoyable task of trading dances with other Engineers. My heart bled for them, as I murmured the name of my girl, Marilyn Martel—I don't suppose you know her; she comes from downtown." And when John Wolfe approached me in a lab and asked me if I had any dances to trade, how could I refuse? On the night I went over to Marilyn's house a bit early, and like all women, she hadn't even started to dress.

While I enjoyed the waltz immensely with Kay Coutts, I tried hard not to think of him. At the end of the dance, John looked a little strained, but he stood the ordeal bravely, still not knowing the awful truth. The next was with Bob Spencer. When he met Marilyn he looked stunned, limp, the way a boxer does when he receives a sudden blow in the midriff. He wavered for a moment, and his fiery red hair slowly curled. Grasping him firmly by the arm, Marilyn dragged him away. He proceeded well after Bob managed to convince Marilyn that she wasn't to lead, he was. Thelma MacKenzie, his girl of the evening, eyed me accusingly, so I whispered the truth gently to her. She laughed and laughed, so we stayed in the area of our fox-trotting friends. Red must have started to catch or use he was grinning madly dancing like mad.

### GALS CATCH ON

The next dance was with Ray Sutherland, whose companion was Kay McAdam. Both are good friends of Scotty's, but Ray failed to recognize him—he just kept a sphinx-like smile on his face and took it like a man. But Kay sputtered deliciously, unable to withhold her laughter—you can't fool these gals! While I waited for her joy to subside to gentle amusement, Ray began to jitterbug madly. No wonder Katherine was unable to stop laughing—the sight was indeed one for sore eyes. Scotty's five o'clock shadow was beginning to come through his make-up, the white theatrical base looked ghostly (or ghoulish) under the strong lights, his skirt whirling around his knees revealing ski pants underneath, revealing his

## Beermen's Council Plans Big Formal

### Not Liable For Damages

### Six Co-eds Nominated For Engineers' Queen

Beermen on the campus are getting all ready for their big formal of the year.

The 12th Annual Engineers' Ball will be held in the Varsity Gym Saturday, February 4.

Tickets for the event went on sale in Arts basement Tuesday morning. Price of the tickets as \$2.00 per couple. Tickets are available for engineers only, and ESS cards must be presented when buying tickets.

There will be no reception line at the dance. Music starts at 8:30 p.m., and the first program dance begins at 9 p.m. Dancing will be to the music of Kay Pitcher and his orchestra.

Crowning of the queen will take place during the intermission. There are six candidates running for Queen of the Engineers' Ball. They are Betty Lovesteth, second year engineering nominee; Pat Paul, electrical engineering; Jean Pollock, civil engineering; Joan Trout, chemical engineering; and Doris Wennerstrom, first year engineering.

"Van Vliet's Gardens" will be transformed into a super Supper Club, complete with tables, dancing girls and well-trained bouncers. (But no supper!)

The authorities have consented to let the I.F.C. and Pan-Hellenic attempt this experiment and banish morals from our functions on the campus. It's going to be tough! The need is urgent!

We're calling on everyone to come out and get behind "Club 50" on Saturday, Feb. 11th, from 9 to 12. Kay Pitcher and his 11-piece orchestra will provide the background for a show that would make even Ziegfeld sit up and take notice. And all this for only \$1.50 a couple.

Each of the branches of engineering will have an exhibit on display at the dance.

Buses will call at the Gym following the dance to transport the merry-makers overtown.

Checking facilities will be provided at the dance.

Patrons for the Ball are Dean and Mrs. R. M. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sparby, Miss Mainie Simpson, Dr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Lilge, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. Gregg.

Tickets On Sale For Ball At Hangover Hall

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, tickets for the one and only Engineers' Ball went on sale in the basement of the Arts Building.

According to Gardy Hutcheon, manager of ticket sales, it will be literally "Cash on the barrel head" to the tune of two dollars a couple. The tickets will be on sale from nine till four from Tuesday to Friday and on Saturday morning only.

In keeping with the motif of the ball, the tickets will be accompanied with a souvenir beer Stein.

Ticket sale is being limited to five hundred couples, so all you lucky persons with an ESS card and two little greenbacks had better hurry down to the basement (if you will pardon the expression) Arts Building and pick up those little tickets.

### Belle of the Ball Fools Campus Engineers



With this seductive dreamy look, the above Pre-Law man put it over the Engineers with his chic half-do and his ensemble. This little act rivals the I.B.C. man who crashed the annual Coed pajama party. The I.B.C. man is a real charmer, and he's a master of being disrobed, and finally beat a hasty retreat at the nick of time.

POOR UNFORTUNATE of former years was the freshman engineer of 1944 that crashed the Engineers' Ball with a first year pre-law student as his girl friend. Clever

make-up and careful dress almost fooled the Engineers, but a few cagey students caught on and the couple beat a hasty retreat.

Photo by Moshansky

# THE GATEWAY



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## This Is The Answer

Dear friends and gentle people, this campus is dead. In fact, it is about as dead as a champagne cork at a temperance picnic. I know this is an old theme, but if you will bear with me for a few minutes we will try to put this theme in a new light so that you may judge for yourself what hope there is for a revival.

Who is to blame? Well, look at it this way. In the past five years the following functions have been cancelled:

The Engineers' Parade. Reason, it disturbed lectures. Now, have any of you honestly taken any course on this campus which could not have been improved by the cancelling of at least one lecture?

Another one to suffer was the Engineers' Ball, which for years was cancelled because of the activities of a few persons at one of the Balls. Now this may be a certain way to prevent a repetition of an unpleasant affair, but it seems rather unfair that students in future years should suffer for the sins of a few persons whom they didn't even know.

The Annual Engineers' Edition of The Gateway was killed because some of the material printed was offensive. Certainly the method is effective if not very original, and it did serve very effectively to quiet one of the most consistently active groups on the campus.

The Varsity Varieties, a variety show which was made up of campus talent, was banned because it was not becoming the calibre of University students, this despite the fact that it was sold out completely for all performances.

Now these are only a few incidents which could be mentioned, and they apply mostly to the Engineers, and no doubt similar incidents could be told about many other faculties. The point that is trying to be brought out is that the faculty is not behind student activities. This statement in itself is not entirely true, for there are a few faculty members who do try to promote campus spirit, but they are in such a minority as to be lost in the mass. Imagine, if you can, the effect on a class of students when an instructor refers to a group of visiting students as juvenile adolescents.

The students themselves, however, are not entirely free of blame when the point of apathy comes up for discussion. For example, what has become of the Saturday night dances which were so popular four years ago. So far this year, there have been two of them. By these dances we mean the ones which used to be held in the Drill Hall and to which the only prerequisite to admission was twenty-five cents. We know there have been dances of this type on the campus through the year, but after attending one or two in the Ed Gym or in Athabasca Hall it becomes obvious why so many people stay away in such large numbers.

Two reasons have been put forward for the abandonment of these events, and as far as we can see they are rather thin. The first is the old argument about confliction of the schedule of events.

Look at it this way: even the largest function will draw no more than seven hundred persons from the campus, and what are the remaining thirty-three hundred supposed to do. To prove that Saturday night dances are still popular with most people, take a short trip to the Mem or Rainbow some Saturday evening and enjoy a class reunion.

The second reason put forward for the abandoning of Saturday night functions was the senior basketball. Now, if you will look back at Waw-waw Weekend you will see that when the basketball was moved ahead about an hour it was possible to accommodate both the functions. If a closer inspection of the finances were made it would probably be found that both of these affairs benefited by the presence of the other.

In order that this may not be just another session, we would like to bring forward the following points for discussion and consideration.

Let's get the faculty behind the students' activities, and not only in a passive way, but let them actively get out and support

## Love 'N Stuff

By EEEPE

We were standing in the porch, our lips were tightly pressed, The old man gave the signal, and the bulldog did the rest—

—Now I don't mean to frighten you, or scare you far away, But hang around awhile, son, and hear what I have to say. Don't never take to holdin' hands, and walkin' by the moon, Don't never stop in shady nooks to smooch around or spoon. Don't never go to dinner, or in to meet the folks, Don't nevr let 'er darn your socks, or even roll your smokes, Don't never let 'er look at you, don't let 'er do a thing, Or else I'm tellin' you, son, she's goin' to wear your ring.

Now there are lots of other things, such as blinkin' eyes Puckerin' of a warm, red mouth, heavin' of wishful sighs. But never let 'em fool you, son, just let 'em go their way Or else I'm tellin' you, son, you'll be around to stay.

Now take a look at me, son I've watched and seen 'em all; I've seen better men than you, son, take that mighty fall, Trapped they were like animals, and I'm tellin' you no lies, Wastin' away to nothin', with bags beneath their eyes, The twisted pain of agony, it's worse than you would think, Until at last they find relief in blessed, wretched drink.

Now this might be to you, son, the same as your poor old Pa, For I'm the saddest man, son, I'm sure you ever saw, For the happiest days of my life, son, are all in the distant past, When I squandered all my money on drink and livin' fast. Now I know that you'll ignore, son, somehow they always do, So all I have to say, son, is the best of luck to you, Here's some dough for fun, son, here's the keys to the car, Go a little way, son, but never go too far.

## PSALM 151

Verily, I say unto ye, marry not an engineer, For an engineer is a strange being and possessed of many evils. Yea, he speaketh always in parables which he calleth formulae, He wieldeth a big stick which he calleth a sliderule, And he hath only one bible, a handbook. He thinketh only of strains and stresses and without end of thermodynamics, He sheweth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile. He picketh his seat in a car by the springs thereof and not by the damsels. Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horsepower. Nor a sunset except that he must turn on the light, Nor a damsel except by her mass. Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables. Verily though his damself expecteth chocolates when he calleth, she openeth the package to discover samples of iron ores. Yea, he holdeth her hand but to measure the friction thereof, and he kisseth her only to measure the viscosity of her lips, For in his eye there is a far away look that is neither love nor longing—rather a vain attempt to recall a formula. Even as a boy he pulleth the girls' hair but to test its elasticity, But as a man he deviseth different devices, For he counteth the vibrations of her heartstrings And seemeth ever to pursue his scientific investigations, Even his own heart flutterings he counteth as a measure of fluctuations. He escribeth his passion as a formula, And his marriage is a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns — And yielding diverse results. Verily I say unto ye, marry not an engineer.

these functions, and above all, remember that in ten or twenty years from now most graduates won't remember what the square root of X is but they will remember the time that lectures were cancelled in order that the students could greet the homecoming team.

The second point that should be brought out is the fact that more student functions should be held at which all students could participate. By this we mean specifically the house dances in the Drill Hall. It doesn't matter who sponsors them, whether it is the classes, faculties, or private groups, but what we do need are functions where it is possible for the students to meet other students and develop that feeling that they have something in common other than classes.—J.S.D.

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## UNCLE WIGGLEY'S BEDTIME STORIES FOR ARTSMEN

TONIGHT WE WILL EXPLAIN SOME TERMS USED BY THOSE OUTSTANDING FELLOWS, THE ENGINEERS!



## In Tuck . . .

with Ulcers

Roll out the barrel, fellow Engineers, for the date of that paramount of campus dances, The Ball, fast approaches.

Let us now take you ahead in time to the night of February 4th, and direct your unsteady path to that den of men, to be known as Hangover Hall.

As you enter through the swinging doors and two commissioners with your particular choice for queen by your side, she remarks in a disillusioned manner, "but I thought this was a respectable dance."

But her troubled thoughts are soon dispelled, as she gazes upon what is

In the background, instead of raucous laughter and talk, soft music is playing, the lights are low, and the decorations so novel, so suitable.

It is now the sixth dance (Sixth Shambles), you quickly stumble over to check your coats. There has been some mistake; no regular checking service is available, only several tenders behind a convertible bar, well stocked with E.C.D. milk bottles. As you lean heavily against the rail, a prosperous looking chap behind a handlebar mustache murmurs in your ear, "If you're dry, four dollars will get you a mickey."

As you slip to the ground, which takes as a nod, he delivers one quart of milk, courtesy of the Ag candidate for Queen.

You, as a rational engineer, groan and wonder to yourself if milk will ferment in several hours.

We turn around and look with bloodshot eyes at an imposing array of large Hook signs, exhorting all to buy the best in Ginger Ales and to protect Alberta's wild life. These slogans are, of course, pointless, for the ginger ale is nowhere observable, and most of Alberta's wild life is well protected tonight, courtesy of the Corps of Commissioners and the Official Protection Committee of the 12th annual Engineers' Ball.

"Lovely," your date says. "Just like the Calgary Highway."

You cross the floor with difficulty, tripping over several over-indulgent first year men. The Chemicals' display meets your eye, and you gaze with awe and amazement at man's finest and ultimate accomplishment, a perpetual beer drinker. The theme is, of course, "Temperance—keyword of Canadian living." For here is a true and worthy engineer. No vaunted 40 beers his limit—he will never become drunk, though he should drink to the end of time.

A pitiful animal beside him is

crumpled over the table. He is obviously an Arts man.

The men of rivets and girders proudly show their bridge and clover leaf.

The miners having been refused permission to dig a gold mine through the floor, display a mole's eye view of a mine.

You, being an engineering metaphysics student, go over to see your display, which is just out of this world. In fact, it is nowhere around.

Off in the corner you see the engineering geology exhibit, a boulder from the front of Athabasca Hall. It is reported to have been left there by a glacier which moved south last week. Tonight it was moved over to the drill hall by those fifty unfortunate artisans who attempted to support the queens.

But what is this that is happening? Trumpets are sounding, people are shouting and pushing to see, to hear, what we have all been waiting for weeks to see.

Who is she? I propose now to tell you just what will happen at that glorious time. You will see two long lines of people drawn up waiting with bated breath. The faces are obscure, indistinct. Who is Queen?

At last, through the vapors and smoke the line approaches. Wow, you say, things are getting fogger and fogger—and then you slip unconscious to the floor.

Your Pledge: Next year you will remain strictly sober. For one year you want to see what the last dance looks like and just what the girl friend looks like at two-thirty in the morning.

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

At the Game

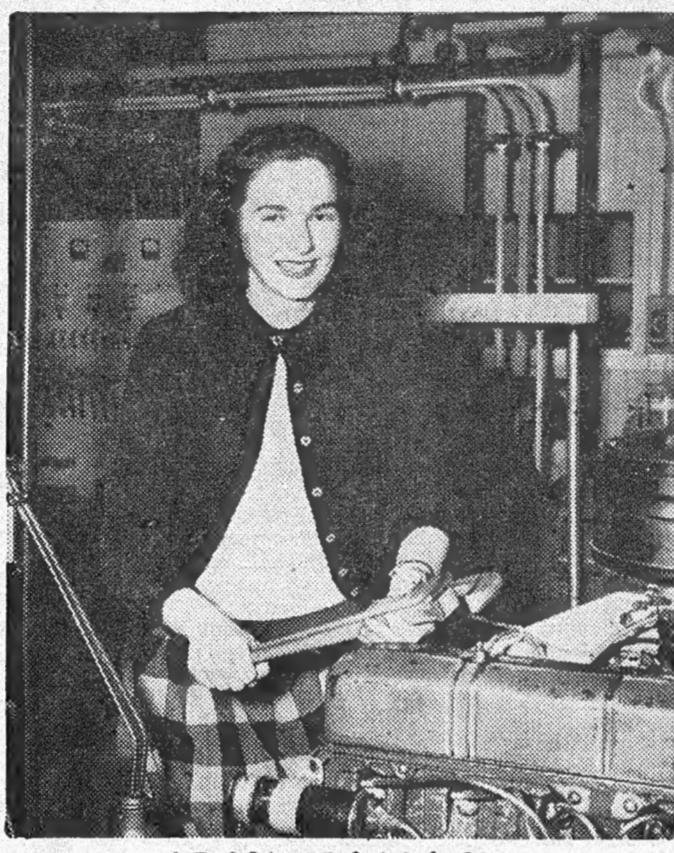
FACTORY ✓ FRESH

SWEET CAPORAL

# A.O.F.A.



BETTY ANN LOVESETH

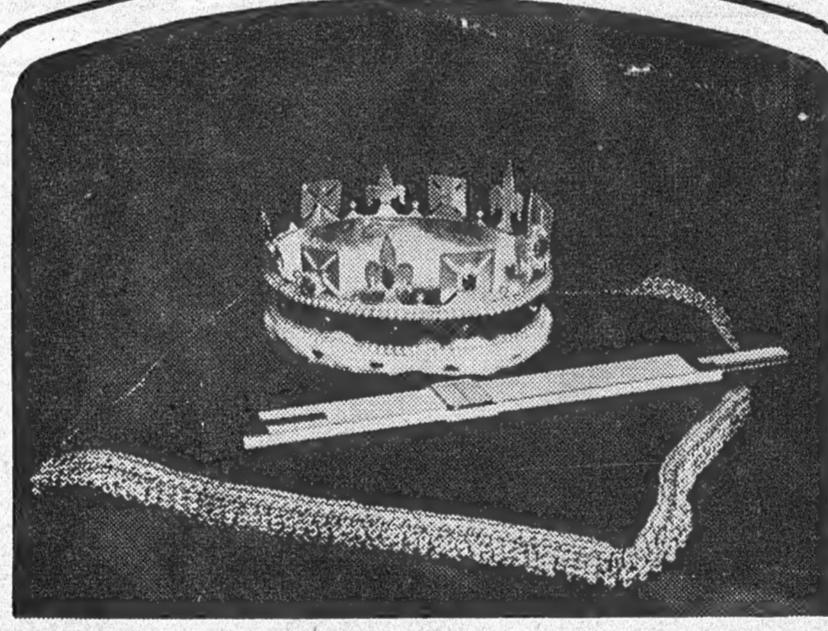


JEAN POLLOCK



PAT PAUL

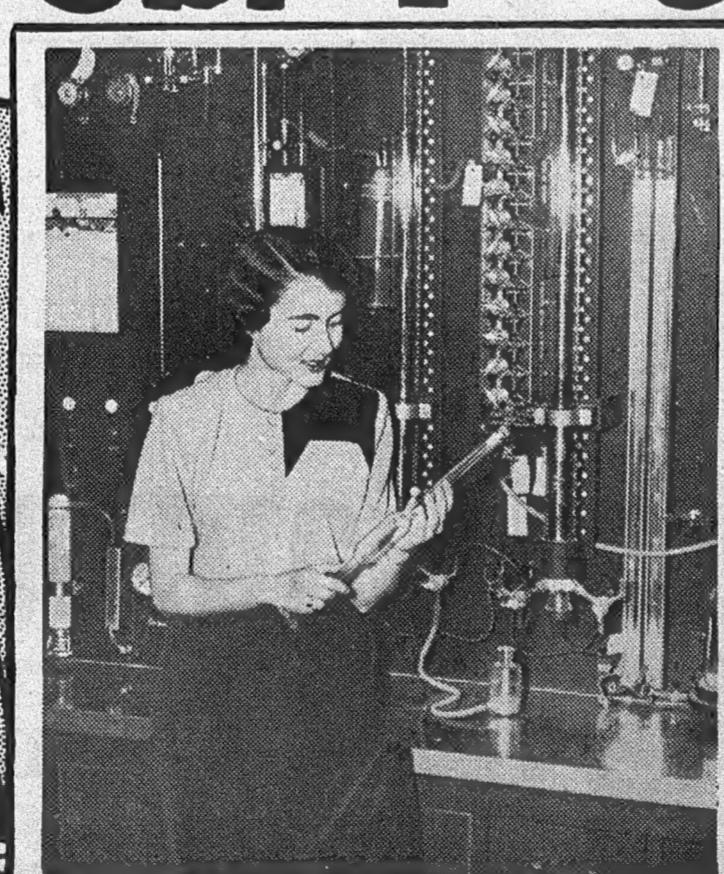
## 12th Annual E.S.S. Ball



### Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> '50



FAYE RHODES



JOAN TROUT



DORIS WENNERSTROM

## INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

It's okay to tell a gal she has pretty ankles—but don't compliment her too highly.

Intuition is that gift which enables a woman to arrive instantly at an infallible and irrevocable decision without the aid of reason, judgment or discussion.

A gal might wear a bathing suit when she can't swim or shorts when she can't play tennis—but, brother, when she puts on a wedding dress she means business.

Old spinster to the burglar—"Yes, yes, I have money. Well, don't stand there—frisk me!"

This may be the machine age, but at least we are still making love by hand.

Some people have no respect for age unless it is bottled.

A sweater is a good investment for a girl. She gets out of it what she puts into it—and draws a lot of interest besides.

A damsel who hailed from Madrid, Was naughty in all that she did. She favored strip poker, And played till it broke her, Which make her a popular kid.

"Is that girl's dress torn or am I seeing things?" "Both."

"I've got a job down at the Hottch Night Club as a featured entertainer."

"Do you go on with a band?"

"Oh, no. The police insist I wear more than that."

An American resident in China remonstrated with her house boy for taking her linen into her bedroom without knocking.

"That all right, Missy," said the native. "Every time come, lookee through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."

Two women were airing their troubles.

"I'd like to get a divorce," said the first. "My husband and I just don't get along."

"Why don't you sue him for incompatibility?" asked the other sympathetically.

"I would if I could catch him at it," announced the first sincerely.

Her mind was like a bachelor's bed—never made up.

Guy—"You see, if we enter into a companionate marriage, we can live together for a while, and then if we find out that we've made mistakes we can separate."

Gal—"Yes, but what'll we do with the mistakes?"

Clerk—Shopping bags?"

Gals—"No, just looking."

Dentist—"I'm sorry, but I'm all out of gas."

Gal (leaping from chair)—"Ye gods, do dentists pull that stuff too?"

We have a sneaking suspicion most chorus girls get sables the same way sables get sables.

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"Nope."

"Neck?"

"Of course not."

"Eat hay maybe?"

"Well, certainly not!"

"Woman, you're not fit company for man or beast."

"I'm sure my husband is unfaithful to me," she moaned, "because none of the children look like him."

This happened after World War III, when atomic bombs had killed every last human being. After three or four days, when the dust and debris had settled, a couple of monkeys came out of their cave and solemnly surveyed the desolate landscape. After several minutes, the small monkey turned to her friend and said, "Well, honey, shall we start the whole damn thing over again?"

"Dere goes that Many Jackson wid her ten pickaninnies. She sho do look repugnant."

"Lan' sakes! Again?"

Little Miss Muffet  
Decided to rough it  
In a cabin quite old and medieval.

A rounder espied her  
And plied her with cider,  
And now she's the forests, Prime Evil.

She—"Don't you think dancing makes a girl's feet larger?"

He—"Yes."  
She—"I rather think that swimming gives a girl awfully big shoulders, don't you?"

He—"Yeah."

Pause.  
He—"You must ride quite a bit, too."

The elderly guest of honor was seated across the table from a lovely lady wearing one of the latest

strapless evening gowns. Despite the conversation of his charming neighbors, the guest couldn't keep his eyes away from the revealing and suggestive contours. "Pardon me, Madam," he began, "just had to ask you what keeps that dress up?"

"Just two things," she replied. "Your age—and my discretion."

The elderly spinster had inherited a boarding house and found that she was unable to keep within her budget, and as a result the house was losing money. She decided that she wouldn't change the sheets so often, and still the budget wouldn't balance. She then decided not to change the towels so often, but still the budget showed no improvement.

In desperation she posted a sign in the bathroom requesting the guests to use not more than ten sheets of toilet paper. This still showed no effect on her budget, so she changed the sign requesting that the guests use only eight sheets of paper. Still no change, so she lowered the number to six.

When she went in to clean up the bathroom next day she found written across the bottom of her sign:

"What the hell is par for this hole, anyway?"

"That will be enough out of you," said the Ag student as he went to the next cow.

Then there is the story about the Ag student who got up one Sunday morning, slipped into his wife's dressing gown by mistake and went to let the iceman in. He was greeted by a great big kiss. The only way he can figure it out is that the iceman's wife has a kimono just like it.

Tony (talking to the garageman)—"I wanna you should come fix my car."

Garageman—"What's wrong with it?"

Tony—"I dunno, but the battery she no bat, the spark plugs no spark, the generator she no gen, the pistons—they no work either."

"Well," replied the man, "I did. I got the rope, tied a knot in it, and even had it over the rafters when I suddenly said to myself, 'Don't be a fool, George; you may be hanging an innocent man.'"

One day a man dropped into the family allowance and asked for the allowance for his twelfth child. The clerk looked at him and asked him if he was planning on any more children. The man looked serious for a minute, and said: "Lady, if I have any more children I'm going to hang myself."

A year later he was back in the office again, and the clerk asked him if he wasn't the man who said he would hang himself if it happened again.

"Perplexed Oriental: "Our children vely white, all vely strange."

Second Same: "Oh, well, occidents will happen."

"What have you done?" Saint Peter asked,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran The Gateway," the Editor said.

"At Alberta for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head, And gravely touched the bell:

"Come in, poor thing, and select a harp,

"You've had your share of hell."

Two gamblers were in the hospital and were not allowed to have any cards to carry on a game. After much trouble they managed to accumulate fifty-two case cards. The game went on and finally came to a show-down. The first showed two pairs, two tens, and two appendix, then demanded what the other had. The other showed four enemas, and added, "I guess I get the pot?"

Very popular this season are girls with blue eyes and green backs.

When women go wrong, men go right after them.

He—"What are my chances with you?"

She—"Two to one. You and me against my conscience."

A wise woman is the one who makes her husband feel he's head of the house when he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.

Gal—"There are lots of couples who don't pet in parked cars.

Boy—"Yes, the woods are full of them."

Co-ed—"I blush so easily. Whenever I sit down and think, I blush. What can I do about it?"

Psychiatrist—"Try and think about something else."

Well, doc, seeing as how we went to school together and have been pals for a long time, you don't need to send me a bill. I've remembered you in my will."

"That's fine, pa. By the way, let me see that prescription I just wrote for you."

Gold diggers are paid by weak.

She—"It's a shame the way you start making passes at me after a half-dozen drinks."

He—"What's shameful about that?"

She—"Wasting five drinks."

"Why is the Statue of Liberty surrounded by water?"

Stude—"Well, sir, I guess the teacher didn't see her with her hand up."

Maisie was in the bar having a beer when a friend from England came in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

In Tuck Shop.

First Stude: "Give me a beef tongue sandwich."

Second Same: "I couldn't eat anything that's been in a cow's mouth. Just make mine an egg sandwich."

Much is blamed on the stork which would be better blamed on a lark.

Toast heard at the last Beer fight:

Here's to temptation and opportunity!

May they soon meet.

### A Poem on Wild Life

Wabbits is a funny wace,  
The fings they do  
is a disgrace.  
You'd be surprised  
If you but knew  
The Awful fings that wabbits do.  
An often too.

A serious thought for today  
Is one that may cause us dismay:  
Just what are the forces  
That bring little horses  
If all of the horses say "Nay"?

A city and chorus girl  
Are much alike, 'tis true.  
The city's built with outskirts,  
The chorus girl is, too.

Then there is the girl who says  
that you can lead an Engineer to water, but why disappoint him?

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children  
vely white, all vely strange."

Second Same: "Oh, well, occidents will happen."

"What have you done?" Saint Peter asked,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran The Gateway," the Editor said.

"At Alberta for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head, And gravely touched the bell:

"Come in, poor thing, and select a harp,

"You've had your share of hell."

Here lies poor Jones, the iceman,  
We laid him here today;  
For he led the life of Riley  
When Riley was away.

Upon reaching London she wired:

"Gown lifted in London."

After due consideration, the following answer was sent: "What do you think our policy covers?"

No wonder the little duckling wears on its face a frown,

For it has just discovered

It's first pair of pants are down.

A brown paper bag containing a hair brush, a deck of cards and assorted other articles of value, like some folded sheets of wax paper. The paper bag is also valuable, is it

an heirloom of the owner. If it is found, please return to Max Deare,

or turn in to The Gateway office in Athabasca.

First Engineer (looking at girl)—"Say, her neck's dirty."

Second Ditto—"Her does?"

Feudal Lord to son—"I hear you misbehaved while I was away."

Son—"In what manor, sir?"

Her lawyer was a bashful man,

And faintly blushed when he began

The poor dead husband's will to scan.

He smiled while thinking of his fee,

Then said to her quite tenderly:

"You have nice fat legacy!"

That night while lying in his bed,

With bandages about his head,

He wondered what in hell he'd said.

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring, and saw a Chinese peddler standing at the front door.

Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid, "There is a Chinese at the door. You go Ella yourself!"

Her lawyer was a bashful man,

And faintly blushed when he began

The poor dead husband's will to scan.

He smiled while thinking of his fee,

Then said to her quite tenderly:

"You have nice fat legacy!"

That night while lying in his bed,

With bandages about his head,

He wondered what in hell he'd said.

If as Shakespeares says, "All the world's a stage,"

then I guess all the Doctors could be classed as ushers.

## Thirsty Engineers

The horse and mule live 30 years  
And nothing know of wine and beers.  
The goat and sheep at 20 die,  
But never taste of Scotch or Rye.  
The dog at 20 cases in  
Without the aid of Rum or Gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks  
And then in 12 short years it croaks.



**SOCER CREW** (Engineers) who compiled an undefeated record in interfac competition last fall, appear above. Engineers downed everything in sight for the clean

record, only being stopped in the final game of the season as they tied an All-Star aggregation 1-1. Fancy footwork will probably come in handy in later life.

## Nine Engineers Prominent With Hockey Golden Bears

### BOB CAUSGROVE:

One of the big boys from the blue line area. Bob has been a power of strength for the last two years, but will be lacking this year due to a conspiracy in the marking of the Christmas exams. "Big Bob" with his six feet and one hundred and ninety pounds topped by a big smile and a wave of blond hair, is a staunch member of that branch which believes that there is gold in them there hills.

### BOB LOSIE:

Bob is a newcomer to the ranks of the Bears and also to the University. With the losses suffered last year by the team, Bob is a coach's answer to the big question.

### JOHN HARVIE:

A graduate from the Interfaculty league, John is filling in on the blue line chores and showing the Huskies just who is husky in this league. In his second year of Engineering, Harvie is noted by the blonde hair sharp playmaking for those fast breaking rushes for which the Bears are so famous.

### BILL DOCKERY:

Better known by the puck enthusiasts as "Wingy". Bill is a fourth year man with the Bears and a fourth year man with the Petroleum branch as well. Wingy is probably best remembered by those who saw him in that famous game two years ago when he figured in five goals in the opening period to beat the Huskies when it looked like they had the Halpenny trophy in the bag.

### SCOTTY SHERIFF:

Another graduate from the interfac league, this is Scotty's second year with the Bears. In his fourth year of Chemical he still finds time to work over the opponents in the corners.

### BILL McQUAY:

A native of Winnipeg, Bill came here for two reasons. One was to take Chemical Engineering, and the second was that he heard that the winters were longer in Edmonton, because there is nothing he would rather do than play hockey. And if you watch him in a game you will notice that he covers more ice than any three men should.

### BARNEY ADAIR:

This is Barney's first year with the Bears, much to the satisfaction of the boys in the interfac league. If you want to see the opposing forwards fly high and hard watch Barney through his famous low blocks. For a man who is supposed to be on the defence, look for him on the score sheet.

### SIB THORNE:

Tall, dark and good-looking, but I doubt if this had anything to do with his defensive style. A native of Fort Saskatchewan, Sib is in his fourth year of Mining Engineering.

### DON HARVIE:

Another man for the blue line chores is big Don Harvie. This is Don's first year in Senior ranks, and with him on the ice it is a certainty that there will be weight dished out when the chips are down. A very active man in all ESS activities, Don is in his third year of Civil and mastering in the art of turbulent flow of turbulent liquids.



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**SCOTTY SHERIFF**

... forward



**BILL McQUAY**  
... centre

## Engineer Teams Take Two Trophies In Interfaculty Sports Competitions

**Spring, 1949**—Engineers take V.H.L. cup after a hard battle with Arts and Geology to make it two straight years.

**Autumn, 1949**—Engineers soccer team completes undefeated schedule. In the playoffs against a strong A team the Engineers win two straight to take the championship two years in a row.

In the All Star selection of the Varsity Soccer League, Raisbeck, Brody, McDonald, Sheriff and Duthie from the Beermen were given berths while Gillmore, McQuay, and McNichol were selected for the alternate team.

A post-season game between the league All Stars and the Engineers ended in a 1-1 tie.

The men carrying the Engineers colors for the Beermen through the season were Straud, Smith, Raisbeck, Brody, McDonald, Dier, Langman, Gillmore, Duthie, McNichol, McQuay, Sheriff, Campbell, Barnes, Neskev.

Dealing out the whistle toots through the season was a well known Engineer and a top flight soccer player in the person of Costa Chrysanthou.

Engineers threaten to make it three straight.

For the third year in a row the Engineers team of hockeyists look like a sure thing for the interfac championship. In the games played to date they have found little trouble in overcoming what the opposition has had to offer as the scores 12-1, 8-2, and 5-2 would indicate.

With three equally strong lines they have the depth that the other teams in the league lack.

The front line force consists of Knopp, Summerville and Raisbeck, Meyers, McNichol, and Romanchuk, Dockery, Adamson and Vetch. Backing them are Sinal, Dier, Hole and Harvey on the defence, with Johnny Klimchuk in the net.

Newcomers to the team and the interfac league are Oliver Knopp formerly with the Wetaskiwin Canadians, Ray Summerville, Martin Sinal and Jerry Meyers. Terry Adamson and Johnny Klimchuk came up from the second Engineers team of last year, and are both becoming fine performers. Hold overs from last year's winning team include Don McNichol, Steve Romanchuk, Jim Dockery, Frank Vetch, Gord Raisbeck, Jim Hole, Jim Dier, and Don Harvey.

Coach Bill Dockery, when queried on the playoff question, stated that he was quite confident he had a winning team and doesn't expect a great deal of opposition from any team in the league.

### CELLAR DWELLERS NOW CONTENDERS

Engineers second hockey has come up from the depths of the cellar in the V.H.L., and are now tied for first place with Eds and Ags in the "B" division.

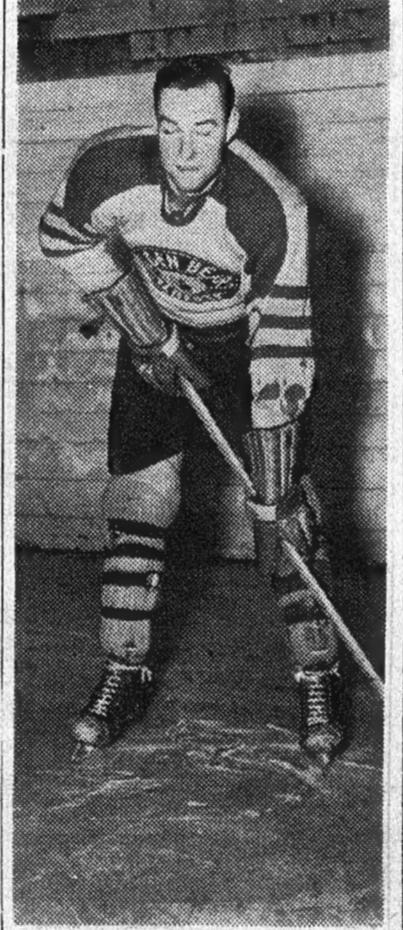
Sparked by such players as Fisher, Gillmore, Gregg and Straud they present a tough obstacle for any team to overcome.

In games played to date they have won three and lost one.

Coach Gord Raisbeck credits the one loss to the fact that there were too many players out, and thereby there was a bit of a mix. "But given another chance," he said, "we'll take them."

The lineup for the second team is as follows: Swan, Wilde, Gillmore, Straud, Young, Dubis, Gregg, Borwick, Fisher, Bassaraba, McDonald, Erickson, Woods.

Brockbank, D. Bagley, J. Dlugos, M. Green, B. Rolston, A. Robson, D. Hornby, J. Streter, P. Andrew, W. Bell.



**SIB THORNE**  
... defense



**BILL DOCKERY**  
... forward



"Sensational! Mr. Likkitysplit! Will you say a word to your legion of admirers about your impressive victory?"

"Sure—to keep ahead of the other guy use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. It beats Dry Scalp and keeps the hair in first place."

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### Nuss' Furlined Thundermug Up For Competition

February will see the second annual competition for the J. Bryan Nuss hockey trophy. This trophy represents the championship of the Slobian Miners hockey league, a league which is made up of the fourth year miners. These noted players are annually divided into two rival camps, those of the Coal pattern and those whose only God is Gold. At the present time the trophy is in the hands of the coal miners, and as such they are waiting for the challenge which is reported to be on the way.

This trophy is donated to the Slobian Mining hockey league by J. Bryan Nuss on the occasion of his twentieth birthday.

Beautiful trophy is very novel in that its bowl portion is made entirely of plastic, and is bounded with only one handle. The base is made of beautifully rounded and polished birch, and the top is crowned with glorious Persian Cat fur. On the majestic base is set a large plaque which bears the following inscription in honor of the donor:

**Slobian Club of Miners  
Hennual Hucky Trophy  
Donated  
J. Bryan Nuss  
Age 22 Mos.**

Trophy is on display in the reading room of the Mining library, and may be seen on request to the Librarian.

The forthcoming series will be well publicized, and it is reported

that it may even be broadcasted courtesy of your local campus radio club.

The Gateway wishes this league all the success in the world, and may the superior participant emerge triumphant.



**DON HARVEY**



**BARNEY ADAIR**  
... defense

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# The History Of Helium The Heel

(From the 1949 Science Edition, Queen's Journal)

Helium was only a little fellow, in fact, he was the smallest in his family and the second smallest body who sat at the Atomic Table. Hydrogen, the smallest one at the table, sat at Helium's left. He made up for his size by being very active, in fact, he really got around and had connections with some of the better families at the table, although he often was forced to part company after their first reaction. On Helium's other side was Lithium who was also very excitable and could get more violent reactions with water than most people can with stronger liquids. However, in spite of this he was more careful in other ways, and as he was always telling He did not put all his electrons in one orbit. Lithium also formed many connections but He had always been in the single state, probably because there was no Sh helium, and He was so inactive and lazy that he had been called the original atomic bum. He (for that is what most people called him) was a wealthy little fellow with his full complement of electrons and though larger fellows had more, few had as little use for them.

One day He decided to go for a swim in the atmosphere and to look at the cosmos as he lazed about in the sun. Now He was unaware of the bad effects that cosmos have on little fellows, and before he knew it he was in an excited state and went into one of the local degenerate distribution functions, and in a few microseconds the law of chance had robbed him of two of his electrons. He had always supposed that some trouble might befall him if he entered one of these functions, and now he was positive.

He found he had one neutrino left and spent it in an absorption spectrum. After he had absorbed as much as he could, he left the spectrum unsteadily in a series of Brownian movements. His progress became more unsteady, and he found himself placed in a cell in "phase space" for the night. When he was finally released from behind the potential barrier, he hurried out of the vicinity. (Sometimes particles in trying to hurry, are camped by relativity, but He, as mentioned before, had no close relatives.)

As He was in a low energy state he returned to the Atomic Table only to find that there was no place for him. Word had been received of his adventures and He had been charged with misconduct, and the charges proved positively that he was no longer worthy of a place among the stable elements.

Disheartened but repentant he set out to obtain some new electrons and to regain his old status as a stable element. He set out for the store of Mike Rofrad who usually handle such things, but Mike claimed that he hadn't any, and no matter how Helium begged him Mike was positive and finally repelled the poor particle. However, as Helium set off down a mean-free path, he overheard some gossip that two electrons had just been discharged in a tube nearby and set out to see if he could take them on. When he arrived at the radio in which the tube was situated, he found there were certain elements that he had not considered. The discharged electrons were far from unhappy, and in fact were having a grid time racing about playing ball and especially in sliding into home plate.

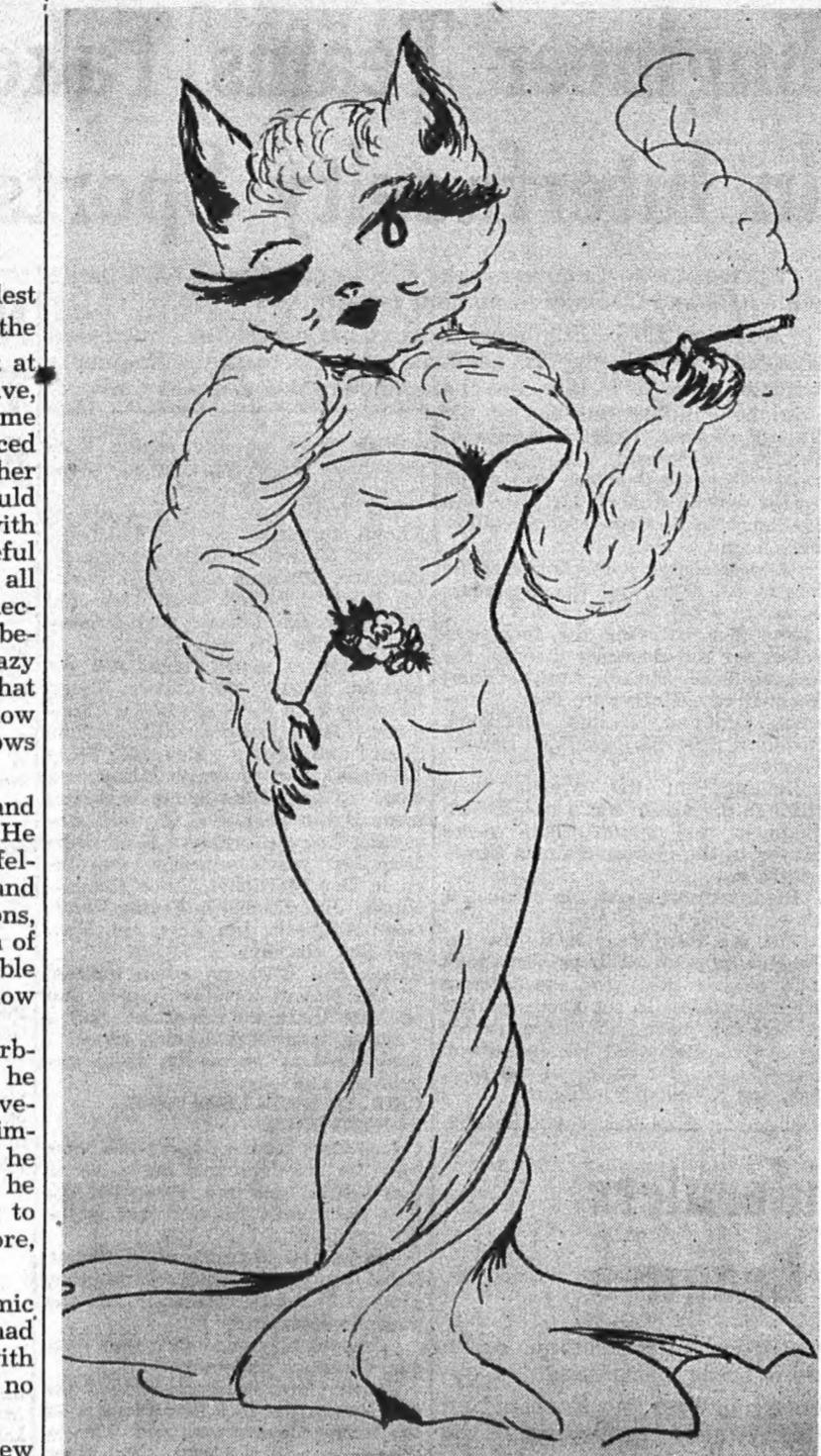
After several more attempts to receive electrons failed, He decided that he might better continue in an active state. Since he now was capable of participating in radio activity, he decided to make it his life work, and indeed he did and became quite famous. So much so that he is probably the star on your local Geiger Counter.

## Riding The Rods With A Graduate Engineer

(Note: The following article was presented to the Graduating Class recently by Mr. I. P. Straight, who graduated here in 1925.)

As a young man of 20, I salled forth with grandiose ideas of building the finest bridges, buildings, and hydraulic works this country had ever seen. Having obtained a First Class General, I was immediately snapped up by a very progressive community as a Consulting Engineer.

Hobbema did seem to offer unlimited scope for one with my capa-



CLEOPATRA

... Undermining

## CLEOPATRA CHOSEN BY UNDERMINING ASC

Cleopatra, one of the slickest kittens ever seen on this campus, is the choice of the Undermining Engineering Society of the ASC for the annual contest of the Engineers.

Cleo is 5ft. 2in. of the niftiest feline petting pulchritude to appear here in some time. Majoring in manology, a division of the Fine Arts Department, Cleo is working towards her M.R.S.

Her favorite men are in Arts, but they wouldn't stoop, so she goes with Engineers—Toms and Jerries. Her favorite entertainment is singing in quartets with Handsome Miller, Smiles and Chuckles McQuay, and Speed Morrison. The song, of course, is "Come to the Mardi Gras." Her favorite pastimes are riding the ETS (Engineering Transit System) with Fearless Fosdick Stroud, Jamie Boy Hole, Brute Hansford and Teetotter Jull, or shooting craps with Hickory Dickey Dockery, Chips Raisbeck,

anger I pointed out to the Mayor that this was not the proper method of disposing of cast-off mukluks. A proclamation to this effect was issued under the Mayor's hand; at once Alderman M. took issue with my vocabulary, informing me that the correct designation should have been occasions. Clearly, these incidents highlighted the need of an English Culture Course and of some Simple Commerce Subjects (are there any other kind?) in our curriculum.

Things were rosy until the day our nearly-completed seven-holer topped into its excavation. It was obviously a shearing failure of the building ground, but I had no opportunity to explain this to the Council. Of all the people to be decommuned—yes, Alderman M. She lay prostrate, quite beside herself, screaming for medical attention and resisting my advances. Clearly, I could see, an Engineer should be trained in the Medical Sciences.

I returned here, determined to fill in my deficiencies. But after three comfortable years in Commerce it was dismaying to find that I had learned little more than was covered in CE 77 (attention, Mr. D. Panar). It was disappointing to be thrown out of Arts and Science English (my heavy five-o'clock-shadow prevented by playing Lucrece in the current stage production); however, repetition of CE 10 was sufficient to obtain for me my B.A. ad eundem status (see University Calendar, page -3). Similarly, a First Aid Certificate obtained in Third Year admitted me ad eundem statum (see page 13, University Calendar) to Final Year Medicine. This was a very trying year; I was trying to cover as much anatomy in one year as the Meds do in five, no small task for a demure Engineer. Incidentally, I was divorced that winter, and it has been hard on me ever since.

This brings me to 1935, when I enrolled, for no reason (has anyone?) in Education, and graduated from that faculty in 1949. It takes a long time to finish in Education, because courses completed in any year become obsolete and will not be con-

Barrhead Broddy, and Petit Harvey.

Cleo hails from Hobbeba, but her present address is the Wobniar, 10827 82 Ave. Phone 34579.

Plan One successfully executed, comrades. We shall meet at the Evrog to complete details for Plan Two.)

## Genus Freshmanus

(From the 1949 Science Edition, Queen's Journal)

The Scienceman Variety as Found in Kingston Area.

### Freshman Species.

Easily recognized by a typical greenish tinge and fine fibrous growth on the face of the specimen, not to be confused with the bright green shade of the Artsman species. Often found in the locality of Ban Righ, or other quiet, gloomy places.

### Species 2 (Eager Beaver Beaver Species):

Like the Freshman species, samples of this are found in gloomy places and may be seen lining the walls of Douglas Library. These are mentioned only because of their commercial value.

### Special 3 (Absorption Species):

These are seen in the vicinity of the B.A., Royal and other places of interest. Many of the Freshman stamps turn into this on exposure. These are

sidered towards a degree in the year following.

So I looked for a job. None was forthcoming because of an acquired senility which precluded any offer of a responsible position—excepting one from an august group which is contemplating a rehash job on a high bridge around here, and what Engineer worthy of the name wants to be associated with that?—so I guess I'll try Agriculture. Some of them seem to have done fairly well by themselves recently.

## FROM AN ENGINEER'S DIARY

By JIM MILLER

when told job had been filled by Engineer student, and seemed reluctant to remain as guest. (Mac Stayed.)

Insert from another Engineer's Diary—(we all keep one to not get our dates mixed).

8:50 p.m.—Car (black) finally started and now proceeding by 86 Ave. and 110 St. Motor stopped since 7:30, finally cleared up when key turned on. (Make note, turn key on to start motor next time.)

8:51 a.m.—Offered ride to student leaving house near where car was stalled for hour. Looks like some kind of an actor (hasn't combed hair).

8:53 a.m.—Actor surprised when car turned Varsity rink. Rink rather crowded with four cars here.

Back to original diary.

8:45 a.m.—Phoned Managing Editor Local Paper to report our mix-up and ask what to do. Politely told to go to—classes.

9:10 a.m.—Missed classes, so decided to visit Gateway editor. Met two women students in Ath. Basement (Provost should look into this). Apparently students rather worried about Apathy Pill Boxes as they apparently had not had a pill lately and felt the urge of College spirit coming on.

9:11 a.m.—Politely suggested we could let them have some 'pills' to tide them over the weekend so they would not do anything drastic. However, due to heavy demand by all students (except Engineers) we had to suggest they came with us to receive 'treatment'.

9:11 1/2 a.m.—One woman student gracefully declined ride when she saw Grey Ford. (Gracefully declining—ran screaming to Pembina shouting 'I don't trust You').

9:20 a.m.—Secretary-treasurer of Arts and Science club agreed to attend Arts and Science meeting in New Club Rooms at varsity rink. Drove up in his own car.

9:30 1/2 a.m.—Left for hunting trip west of city. It was decided to invite guests to hunting lodge. All agreed heartily.

9:30 1/4 a.m.—Four cars 'screamed' out of West End of Varsity rink for points Unknown to any Arts and Science Students for quite some time to come.

Wolf: A man who wants to settle down and live forever Amber.

Rhumba: A dance that accentuates the positive, eliminates the negative, and shakes up everything in between.

Subway: Where people are fresh and firm and fully packed.

Then there is the fellow with the stern look. It seems that his mother was scared by a ferry boat.

She was only a postmaster's daughter, but boy, could she handle the males!



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CASH ON THE BARREL-HEAD for all engineers was the rule when tickets went on sale for the 12th annual Engineers' Ball. Buying tickets to the dance from Ticket Manager Garry Hutchison is Jim Dier, fourth year mining engineer. Big Ball will be held Saturday, February 4th, at Hangover Hall.

Photo by Moshansky